

## THE ARIZONA MINER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

T. J. BUTLER.

The first number of the WEEKLY MINER was issued on March 9, 1864, and in this its thirteenth year, it can, with truth, claim to be the oldest, and best newspaper in the Territory.

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Prompt attention given to collections.

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Enquire at Clay's Corn Mill, McCormick street.

Persons who desire the Professional Services of  
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CAN FIND HIM AT HIS OFFICE ON MONTEZUMA  
Street, between Frederick & Heenan's Tin Shop and  
Ruggles & Drew's stores.

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Money Loaned in Sums to suit,  
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All kinds of civil engineering and surveying promptly  
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office.

## PRESCOTT.

WM. M. BUFFUM

Still Occupies the Old Stand, West Side  
of the Plaza.

Prescott, Arizona,

And is in receipt of a Large Invoice of  
New and Desirable Goods,

With others Ordered and on the Way.

His customers and the public generally can there  
as heretofore, anything they may need in the way ofGROCERIES, PROVISIONS,  
Staple & Fancy Dry Goods

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS,

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PATENT MEDICINES,

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CROCKERY, GLASS AND EARTHENWARE

PAPER HANGINGS, LAMPS, CLOCKS,

Mining and Farming Tools,

Together with many other things, which will not be  
mentioned. GIVE HIM A CALL.  
Prescott, June 17, 1875.

## READY PAY STORE,

South Montezuma Street,  
OPPOSITE DAN HATZ'S HOTEL,  
Is Clock Full ofNEW GOODS  
of every description, and just the place for Pioneers and  
Pilgrims to replenish their larders, and get everything  
needed by them Cheap for Cash or Ready Pay. New  
supplies, just received, of the following articles:Flour, Bacon,  
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Canned Fruits, Meats, Vegetables,

Dried Fruits, by the box, barrel or pound; Pickles, Pans,  
Sardines, and Gum Boots.Glycerine, coal oil, castor oil, quackaliver or "desert  
water," by the pint, pound, quart or gallon.TOBACCO, CIGARS, PIPES, WINES  
AND LIQUORS.

Make me stock A No. 1, and a new scale of prices war-  
rant me in whispering to my Pioneer friends, and to  
men from any other corner in Prescott.  
Greenbacks, Gold Coin, Bullion, Gold Dust, Farm  
Produce and County Scrip taken in exchange for goods.  
B. H. WEAVER.  
June 1st, 1876.

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Hayden's Ferry,  
Maricopa County, A. T.  
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Have constantly on hand that superior brand

"FAMILY FLOUR,"

From the Hayden Mills, also

Superfine Flour,

Graham Flour,

and Cracked Wheat.

Are now receiving a large assortment of

MERCHANDISE.

Direct from New York.

FOR SALE LOW FOR CASH.

CHAS. T. HAYDEN & CO.  
Prescott, September 10, 1875.

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GENTS' UNDERWEAR,

Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery

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Cor. Montezuma and Gurley Streets, Prescott, A. T.

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CORTEZ STREET.

Bet. the Shoe Shop and Oram's New Store, cor. of Gurley

Having secured the services of an artist from Califor-  
nia, I am now prepared to make

Photographs, Ferrotypes, Etc.

VIEWS OF ARCHITECT, LANDSCAPE, Etc.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

W. H. WILLISCRIFT.  
April 7, 1876.

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Office—New County Building.

Has for sale many of the most desirable building lots  
situated in the town of Prescott:  
Household and other Goods Purchased at Liberal Rates.

## BRUFF'S CAMP.

Some weeks since, in re-producing the  
lines of J. Goldsborough Bruff, the Wash-  
ington City Post, "On a Seal from Baffin's  
Bay," we mentioned some adventures in the  
life of the author, as we remember them  
and as they are preserved in the traditions  
of the Upper Sacramento Valley, Califor-  
nia. Having during the same season passed  
over the Lassen route into California, and  
being familiar with all the people and  
places he alludes to, the letter which we  
publish below is doubtless more interesting  
to us than to a majority of our readers,  
nevertheless we publish it with the hope  
that some of those who seem to suppose  
that all the trials and hardships of pioneer  
life have culminated in their particular  
cases in Arizona, may see that others have  
undergone a few before them, and lived  
through difficulties of which they have not  
even dreamed.

Letter from J. Goldsborough Bruff.  
WASHINGTON CITY, July 16th, 1876.

To T. J. Butler, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—A friend of mine, in the Indian  
Bureau, kindly handed me, yesterday, a  
copy of your neat little journal, containing  
my lines on the Seal, and a notice of its  
author. Deeming it of some interest to you,  
and the old pioneers, to render a more cor-  
rect statement, with some other details,  
please accept of them, as follows:

In the Spring of '49, I organized an emi-  
grant company, of 66 men, bound for the  
gold-fields. I led the expedition success-  
fully, as far as the spot of "Bruff's Camp"  
—nearly 46 miles from the ranch of my  
good old friend, Peter Lassen, and at an ele-  
vation of about 3,500 feet. Here was no  
grass, but few mules left, and provisions  
exhausted. I lent my horse to a companion,  
and advised the company to hurry in to the  
settlements, and I would remain in charge  
of several wagons that they could not get  
in then, and await the return of some of  
them with team to take the remaining  
wagons and contents. There was nothing  
in the shape of provisions left but a half  
bag of coffee and one-fourth of a package of  
salt. A friend, named Clough, (a Canadian,  
not of the company), agreed to remain with  
me, and we would hunt by turns for deer—  
all we had to subsist upon. I had an extra  
inducement to remain on the heights—in  
obtaining notes of the stragglers, to com-  
plete my history of the great exodus. None  
of my men returned. They made off with  
all they got—three wagons and contents,  
some 25 or 30 mules, and my horse. So  
much for my services to them.

I remained too long, the winter set in  
earlier than before known for many years,  
and my lodge in the wilderness, (a couple  
of tents, connected by a conical pole), was  
soon buried in six feet of snow. Cut off  
from all communication, game all gone,  
"with nothing to eat and nothing to cook it  
with," my devoted comrade assisted in  
making snow-shoes, and after 24 hours  
starving we succeeded in finding an old ox  
carcass, (fell from exhaustion, months be-  
fore), dug, and obtained a fore-quarter of it,  
and subsequently a hind-quarter, and on  
that kept alive through the winter. I was  
attacked with rheumatism in the spine, and  
when, in the early Spring, the sun had  
bared the ridges, we moved down three  
miles, where we found a log cabin, built by  
a fellow named Robbins, on account of the  
confinement of his daughter-in-law. He  
had employed his time, during the winter,  
after the grizzlies and wolves, and had beaten  
a path to go by my place and back some  
distance on the trail, collecting the goods  
of every description found in the numerous  
abandoned wagons. He had two sons and  
a wife also. He packed all under the floor  
of the cabin, and eventually got it all in,  
making a good thing of it. I pitched my  
tent near said cabin, and the first bread I  
had seen for a long while was given to me  
by Mrs. Robbins. They got all in, but we  
were left alone. My comrade started to  
hunt, though I had persuaded him to go in  
and take care of himself, but he would not  
abandon me. He never returned; and I  
suppose that his death occurred as in your  
statement. From the time that he left, till  
I managed to reach Lassen's, was 18 days,  
in which my nutriment consisted of about  
two and a-half pounds of stuff, two candles,  
one lizard, one large beetle, a small bird,  
and the shriveled marrow obtained from  
deer leg-bones, which had been polished by  
wolves. Doc, Davis nor any other person  
attempted to reach me in the hills. After I  
had been in some time, and recruited, I  
visited Myers' house and spent a night there.  
Wasn't acquainted with him. I surveyed  
and laid out the plan or a town for Lassen—  
called it Benton City. And though Lassen  
averted that I could not possibly recover  
from the extraordinary hardships and star-  
vation, in less than a year I was able to  
join him and a large party in a few months,  
to explore, in a northeast direction, for the  
"Gold Lake." We discovered both Honey  
and Eagle Lakes, and were the first white  
men in that section of country. The Putes  
harrassed us much, and killed a comrade on  
guard. In the Fall, I bade old Peter adieu,  
and wended my way down to Sacramento,  
stayed a couple of months and proceeded to  
San Francisco, where I had the pleasure of  
meeting hosts of friends, after which, I  
went to Trinidad and Gold Bluff.

On returning home, in '51, I transcribed  
my notes, and re-drew my sketches of  
everything worthy of noting from St. Joe,  
Mo., through, up to Gold Bluff, and down

to and including Panama. I prepared it  
for the press, and submitted it to the Har-  
pers. Their verdict was that it was most  
interesting, thrilling and remarkable, but  
would cost to publish, as I desired, (600 pp.,  
large octavo, and a large volume of plates),  
\$25,000, and they published nothing that  
cost over \$6,900. Later, a friend, in Gov-  
ernment service, took out some prospectus  
sheets, as another publisher had offered to  
undertake the work, if I obtained 500 sub-  
scribers, at \$5. On returning, some months  
after reaching the Coast, my friend gath-  
ered up the lists, with several thousand sub-  
scribers, and lost the roll on the Isthmus;  
thus, putting the extinguisher upon all my  
labors. In a box is the manuscript, and in  
a portfolio, the illustrations,—being an ac-  
curate account of the great immigration,  
the first settlement of California, from  
Alpha to Omega, with all my wild travels  
and explorations, adventures, etc., etc., in-  
cluding up and down Coast notes and views.  
I am, very respectfully and truly, yours,  
J. GOLDSBOROUGH BRUFF.

P. S. In my 71st year, and can march  
and dance as well as the youngest.  
J. G. B.

## AROUND PRESCOTT AND WALNUT GROVE

EDITOR MINER:—Some facts concerning  
the section of country immediately West of  
Prescott which I visited some days since,  
and also of Walnut Grove from which place  
I returned to-day, may be of some interest  
to your readers.

The farm of Jacob and Samuel Miller is  
one mile northwest of Prescott, and con-  
tains 320 acres. They have also 320 acres  
in Skull Valley, and 160 in Kirkland Val-  
ley—in all, 800 acres. They also do a  
heavy freighting business, in which they  
have been prompt, energetic and successful.  
They employ 38 men all the time, and in  
harvest and other pressing times, many  
more. They have 560 head of cattle, 332  
horses and mules, 1,000 sheep, 100 goats,  
44 wagons, and some 20 twelve-mule teams.  
They have this year 350 acres of corn, 24  
of potatoes, 20 of beans, 15 of oats, and 10  
of alfalfa. Their barn, which is 40x60 feet,  
with stable 14x60, and carriage-shed 14x40,  
cost \$6,000. The home in which Samuel  
Miller's family live, cost \$7,000. They have  
freighted out this year 176,000 pounds of  
wool and have contracts for freighting as  
much more, making in all 352,000 pounds  
of wool from Prescott and vicinity during  
the year 1876, which far exceeds a former  
estimate of mine.

H. Colquett owns 80 acres adjoining the  
Miller farm, and he has 35 acres in corn.  
Mr. J. W. Simmons' farm, of 160 acres, is  
two miles from Prescott; he has 40 acres  
of corn, and his son, Thomas, who owns the  
next farm of 160 acres, has 75 acres of corn.  
Robert Blair who owns the Old Burnt  
Ranch, of 160 acres, four miles from town,  
has 40 acres of corn. This ranch was  
formerly owned by John G. Miller, the  
father of Jacob and Samuel, and here he  
had a severe fight with a large band of In-  
dians, in which he alone killed some 16 In-  
dians. This was in the spring of 1865. The  
Indians got away with some 50 head of  
horses and cattle. The Millers and the  
Simmons, both old and young, were all  
good Indian fighters, and many a red-skin  
was laid low by their unfailing rifles backed  
by courage and will.

Six miles north of west from Prescott is  
the Holm gold mine, lately bought of  
J. W. Simmons by our old friend and esti-  
mable man, Mr. Alexander Majors, who I  
found diligently at work developing it, with  
abundant prospects of success. At a depth  
of 16 feet, Mr. Majors has a good 2-foot vein,  
which assays from \$40 to over \$200 per ton.  
The formation is good and success seems  
certain. We wish him abundant success.

By the kindness of Mr. A. Cullumber, of  
Walnut Grove, I had a very pleasant ride  
with him to that beautiful Valley. Our  
route was by the new road from Prescott to  
Skull and Kirkland Valleys. At four miles  
from town we passed the saw-mill of A. O.  
Noyes, on Aspen Creek, where there is a fine  
body of pine, with permanent water. Mr.  
Noyes has some 200,000 feet or more of ex-  
cellent pine lumber now on hand, and the  
mill is kept constantly running. From  
Noyes' mill the road winds over high ridges  
and mountain peaks for some five or six  
miles, and is like the "Jordan" road, a hard  
one to travel. Without desiring to criticise  
or find fault, I must in truth say, that  
though the appropriation was without doubt  
honestly expended, the road itself is prac-  
tically a failure. We met Charlie Geaung's  
6-horse team ascending the summit from  
the west, with a load of 2,000 pounds, and  
it was all the six large animals could do to  
make the ascent a few feet at a time. It is  
all that four good horses can do to make  
the ascent with a large wagon without a load.  
To be of practical use, the road must be re-  
built around the high mountain peaks, in-  
stead of over them. The distance on an air  
line from Prescott to Walnut Grove is about  
16 miles, by the nearest wagon road  
nearly 30 miles.

We arrived at Capt. S. Bartlett's, the first  
house in the Valley, at 5 p. m., where we  
stopped for an hour, having a pleasant chat  
with the Captain and his excellent wife, and  
partook of a splendid dinner prepared in  
haste by Mrs. B. One and a-half miles be-  
low is the furnace location of the Pinal Sil-  
ver Mining Company, of which Mr. Morrison  
is Superintendent. The location is on the  
farm of Mr. Geo. Hogle, and is a good one  
for the purpose. I learn that the financial  
difficulties of the Company will be at once

settled, and that they will push their works  
to an early completion. One mile below is  
the farm of T. Lamberton, which has some  
60 acres of good farming land. He has  
about 300 fruit trees, mostly peaches and in  
full bearing. Mr. Lamberton has also a  
small grist-mill which can make about 1,000  
pounds of flour or meal in a day, and which  
is a great convenience to the settlers in the  
Valley. Mr. J. Wood works most of Mr.  
Lamberton's farm, and has the best field of  
corn I saw in the Valley. The next farm  
below is Ed. Peck's, worked by Mr. Keys  
who is doing good work. Some 50 bearing  
peach trees are on this farm, and Mr. Keys  
has a small dairy of some 10 or 15 cows.  
Two miles further down is Mr. Cullumber's  
farm of nearly 100 acres of 1st quality  
farming land. He has a good orchard of  
nearly 100 trees, mostly peaches, with a few  
pears, apples, etc., and a vineyard of 3,000  
vines well started. Mr. A. A. Moore works  
the Cullumber farm this year, and is making  
a good crop. Mr. and Mrs. Waterman, the  
parents of Mrs. Moore, also live here, and  
all are social, pleasant and intelligent people  
with whom it is pleasant to visit. The  
next is George Oswald, who is making a  
good improvement, and adjoining his farm  
is that of Judge Jackson, P. M. and J. P. of  
Walnut Grove. Mr. Jackson has some over  
100 acres of plow land, and a dairy of 10 or  
12 cows, 8 stands of bees, and a fine stock of  
hogs, poultry, etc. Mr. J. Bennett is a-half  
mile below, having settled there but a few  
months since. I found Mr. and Mrs. Ben-  
nett pleasant and intelligent people. S. &  
J. Condren have a fine ranch two miles be-  
low Mr. Bennett's, and seem to be getting  
along extremely well. Both are good  
ranchers, and so is Mrs. J. Condren, who  
keeps business moving in-doors as well as  
her husband and Steven do out on the farm.  
They have a dairy of 14 cows. The next  
and last settler is A. Wade, who has a fine,  
large farm with plenty of water and good  
timber. Mr. Wade is now preparing to  
erect a 5-stamp mill, and also a small grist-  
mill this season, and has most of his ma-  
chinery on the ground. I met at Mr.  
Wade's an old Nevada county, Cal., friend  
of the early days, Capt. M. W. Irvin, with  
whom I had a pleasant chat, talking over  
old California scenes and incidents.

My visit to Walnut Grove was very pleas-  
ant, and the only thing I have to regret is  
the want of time to make a longer stay and  
enjoy the welcome hospitality of its good  
people. The corn crop of the Valley this  
year will be light, and the number of acres  
planted is as follows: On Hogle's farm, 10  
acres; Lamberton's, 50; Peck's, 30; Cul-  
lumber's, 50; Oswald's, 40; Jackson's, 65;  
Bennett's, 40; Condren's 116; Wade's, 45.  
Total, 446 acres. Besides the corn crop  
there will be some 50 acres of beans, and 30  
of potatoes. There are over 50 men in the  
Valley, 12 women, and 18 children.

Yours, in haste,  
H. C. HODGE.  
Prescott, Aug. 8, 1876.

LETTER FROM OHIO.  
This letter has been delayed a month on  
the way.—[ED.]  
CLEVELAND, OHIO, July 1st, 1876  
EDITOR MINER:—San Francisco, Omaha,  
Kansas City, St. Louis and Cincinnati came,  
one after the other, in such rapid succession  
that I hardly realized where the time had  
gone.

A number of ladies and gentlemen,  
largely teachers from the Pacific Coast,  
chartered a car in San Francisco for Phila-  
delphia. I was invited to form one of their  
party, and did so as far as Omaha. We  
were a happy crowd. Among the company  
were Dr. D. W. Poor, of Oakland; Miss A.  
F. Aldrich, Principal of the La Fayette  
School, Oakland; Miss I. Prince, Principal  
of the Home Institute, San Francisco, and  
Miss Mary Parks, a teacher from Stockton,  
Cal. To tell you the pleasant times we had,  
of the reading clubs we formed, and the  
singing schools organized on that car, would  
take too long. But I feel safe in saying a  
stranger would have thought we acted more  
like a lot of run-away school-children than  
a company of teachers.

I have occupied two weeks in visiting the  
best schools in different cities and in ob-  
serving how the finest teachers in our land  
conduct their schools. These two weeks  
have been worth much to me. I feel that  
I have gained a great deal that will be of use  
to me in my future school work.

Last night I attended the Graduating Ex-  
ercises of the Cleveland High Schools. The  
speaking was very fine, showing a large  
class of well trained young ladies and gen-  
tlemen. The high reputation of Cleveland  
Public Schools is almost world wide. They  
have a corps of teachers that for ability and  
power to instruct can hardly be surpassed.

Cleveland is a beautiful city. With its  
broad streets and fine houses it lies along  
the shores of Lake Erie lovely as a picture.  
Viewing it from some eminence, it looks  
like a city set in a green forest, so entirely  
are all its streets embowered with trees.  
This is so striking that it has received the  
name of the "Forest City of the West."  
Euclid Avenue is the finest street in the  
City, and perhaps the finest in the country.  
Commencing at the center of the City, it  
extends some four miles out toward the  
country, lined by a succession of princely  
mansions set in spacious grounds. Mag-  
nificent elms and maples shade its whole  
length. Between the sidewalk and paved  
carriage-way, on each side, is a finely kept  
lawn, which adds greatly to the beauty of

the street, making this one of the most  
charming drives in the world.

At the present time the N. Y. Central R.  
R. and the N. Y. & Erie R. R. are running  
opposition pretty strong. The fare to New  
York City is now only five dollars, with a  
prospect of being still less. No excuse for  
Ohio people remaining away from the Cen-  
tennial Exhibition this year, yet many say  
they are going to wait for the next. I am  
afraid their locks will be rather gray by the  
time another hundred years have rolled  
away.

To-morrow I take the early train for Os-  
wego, to attend the Normal School Gradu-  
ating Exercises.

As I sit by my open windows, the cool  
Lake breezes fan my brow, the distant  
shores of old Erie grow faint and fainter in  
the deepening twilight, and I can hardly  
see to write my name. To my Prescott  
friends, hundreds of miles away, I say good  
night.  
SHERMAN.

## CENTENNIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 13, 1876.

EDITOR MINER:—My head is so dazed  
from sight-seeing this evening, that I hardly  
know what to say first to my good friends  
in Prescott. I believe the Editor pleasantly  
remarked, in the MINER, "The schoolmaster  
is going to Philadelphia to see the elephant."  
Well, he is seen, and he is a big one. The  
Queen of Sheba said, when she beheld King  
Solomon and all his greatness, that the  
half had not been told her. The same can  
be said with truth of the Centennial Ex-  
position. No matter how high your expecta-  
tions may be before going, the reality will  
be greater. Here, in the City of Brotherly  
Love, we have an epitome of the whole  
world. Here we find the curious, the artis-  
tic, the beautiful, the wonderful of every  
nation of the earth. One cannot help catch-  
ing the enthusiasm and excitement every-  
where so plainly expressed in the actions  
and language of the legion of visitors.

Think of it, not less than one hundred thou-  
sand objects of interest to examine, and  
only a few short weeks to do it in. The  
thought hurries me. Every day I wander  
through immense buildings. Every day I  
am startled with something new. Shall I  
attempt a description? I have heard the  
delinquent tax-list of Chicago occupies  
sixty-four square feet of fine print. It would  
require twenty times that space to give a  
good description of this most magnificent  
display. You must not think I am getting  
"lunatic" or writing in the pay of the Com-  
missioners. Such is not the case. I am  
only trying to show my friends the folly of  
any writer attempting to give anything  
like a good description of the Exhibition.

THE GROUNDS,  
lying west of Philadelphia, comprise two  
hundred and thirty-six acres of that portion  
of Fairmount Park resting on the western  
bank of the Schuylkill river, and are imme-  
diately accessible from all parts of the City  
and country. Within them a narrow-gauge,  
double-track, steam railway, with four or  
five stations, gives you